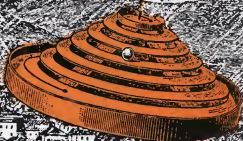


02



DYLAN

SONG POEMS NEW STUFF

FREEZE-OUT

THE MILLION DOLLAR BASH

Well the big dumb blonde with her wheel gorged
turned to the friend of hers
with his cheeks all forged
and his cheeks in a chunk
with his cheeks in the cash,
they're all gonna be there at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh see... its that
million dollar bash

Everybody's ridin out to over there
and back
the louder they come
the bigger they make
come now, sweep clean
don't forget to flash
we're all gonna meet at
that million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh see... its that
million dollar bash

Well i took my counsellor out to the barn
nilly nelly was there
she told him a yarn
then along came jones,
engried the trash
everybody went down to that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh see... its that
million dollar bash

Well we hit her too hard
my stones went tike
i get up in the morning
but its too early to wake
furn its hullo
goodbye
then pushing
then crash!
but we're all gonna make it at that
million dollar bash
Ooh baby, ooh see... its that
million dollar bash

Well i looked at my watch i looked at my wrist
i punished myself
in the face
with my fat
i took my potatoes
down to be washed
then i made it on over
to that million dollar bash
Oohsee baby, oohsee, oohsee baby oohsee
its that million dollar bash

TINY MONTGOMERY SAYS HELLO

Well you can tell everybody down in ole Frisco
Tell em Tiny Montgomery says hello
Now every boy an girl gonna get their thing
Cause Tiny Montgomery's gonna stike that thing!
Tell em everybody down in ole Frisco that Tiny Montgomery's comin
down to say hello

Skinny Moo and T-Bone Frank
They're all gonna take on down by the County Bank
One bird book, and a buzzard and a crow!
Tell em all Tiny Montgomery's gonna say hello!

Scratch your dad and do that bad
Suck that pig and bring it on home
Paint that dream and nose that dough
Tell em all that Tiny says hello!

Now he's the King of Drunk and he squeezes too...
Watch out, Lester... take it Lou
Join the Monk, the CIO
Tell em all that Tiny says hello!

Now blot that gig
And play it blank
Tell em to go on out and gim that dog,
Track on in
Figger that snow
Take it on down
Begin to grow
Now play that load
An pick it up
Take it on in
In a bottle truck
Three legged man in a hotlip held
Tell em all that Montgomery says hello!

Well you can tell everybody down in ole Frisco
Tell em all that Montgomery says hello!

I SEE MY LIFE COME SWUNING

*They say everything can be replaced
get everythine is not near
as i remember every face
of every man who put me here*

*I see my life come shinin'
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released*

*They say every man needs protection
They say every man must fall
yet i never i see my reflection
some place so high above the wall*

*I see my life come shinin'
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released*

*Now you all are standin'
in ole lonely crowd
a man who wants he's not to blame
all day long
I hear his wails aboutin' me loud
cryin' out that he was freed*

*I see my life come shinin'
from the west unto the east
any day now
any day now
I shall be released*

CRASH ON THE LEVEE

Crash on the levee mama
waters gonna overflow
swamps gonna rise
slow boats gonna roll
Now you can tram on down

to Williamsport
you can bust your feet
you can rock the joint
Aah mama
aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
You gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow

How dont you try to move me
you're just gonna lose
there's a crash on the levee
and mama you been released
Well its sugar for sugar
and salt for salt
if you go down in the flood
its gonna be your fault

Aah mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
Yes you gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow

Well the high tide's risin'
mama dont you let me down
pick up your suitcase
mama dont you make a sound
Now its king for king
queen for queen
there's gonna be the messiest flood
that anybody seen
Oh mama aint you gonna miss
your best friend now
yet you're gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow

U.S.

BLOW UP!

The photograph in the new book by Missy Marmora with her Polaris camera, President Kennedy was being rescued, a third Lifter, a producer, incident at U.S.A. inside as a companion of the Marmora photo is fired, and described the man shown in the series of blow-ups. He is holding a straight razor. It is his hands that possibly stay have actually fired a loaded shot at the President's car as it came up the street. This is not to be derided from this photo but it is important to note that the existence of this man at that time and place, as depicted in the Warren Commission report, are the same, which denies that any one shot behind this wall by the picket fence.

This photograph shows the presence of at least one man, No. 3, half hidden behind the wall on the knoll, at the time of the shooting. The published Warren Commission documents do not reveal the presence of any individual behind the wall or fence at that time, either in an official capacity or otherwise, and Joseph Paul, senior consultant, cannot believe that he would be being in charge of the area of the investigation, especially during that day that was there.

Since the subject area of the knoll is generally consistent with that designated by most witnesses as the location of at least one man, No. 3, such as it is, especially in the case of the "one" man, it would be considered as a "one" man, it would be one even if it

was, and a fact that he appears to be holding a straight razor.

The photograph and surrounding sensitive areas demonstrate practically and powerfully the urgent need for a complete investigation of the assassination of President Kennedy.

Excerpted from the Los Angeles Free Press, No. 15, Oct. 1, 1977

OK, OK to G. Mark Lane!



Is this one of the Kennedy Assassins?

Why doesn't the Moorman Photo appear as a Warren Commission Exhibit?

Who is this man?

What is the straight object he appears to be holding in his hands?

Why is he on the grassy knoll, half hidden behind the wall at the time Kennedy was shot?

Why does Counsel Joseph Ball insist that there was no one either behind the wall or the picket fence?



DRAWING BY EDWARD HANSEN
AND JOURNALISTS SERVICES

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3.

4.

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6.

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The DIGGER THING is your thing... IF YOU ARE REALLY...

Unless we can wipe out the recurring mountain of not being understood by the human race, it will come back up! Back, however, enlightened and all that is beautiful in the world. To avert this catastrophe we must act quickly, for time is not on our side. It cannot be emphasized that only with surely split down of the low revolution.

TURNED ON!

Alan Lomax

The modern diggers are the classic descendents of the Diggers who first common land and practiced sharing in the England of 1649 and whose declared aim was to "try the Foundation of making the Earth a Common Treasury for All, and to create a new society in which all would be one man, working together, and feeding together... not looking over another, but all looking upon each other as equals." But without reference to any historical affiliation, the term "digger" may simply be defined as the present day individual person engaged as "a person who digs love, friendship and sharing and acts on his understanding".

The first of the modern diggers emerged from the hippie community in the autumn of 1966 in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. They made history there by digging out the land to all comers, running a free store called "The Free People's Refrigerator" where goods were given away free, providing crash pads in their common for dropouts and distributing a free newsletter (Communication Company, San Francisco).

This pattern of action has been taken up in one way or another by diggers in other cities and towns on the North American continent. The digger movement is spreading fast now.

People get involved because OZ isn't laid-out like the 'New Statesman'. "You publish some extraordinary articles," they say, "but the only one can take them seriously when they're printed upside down in circles in purple ink."

Yes they can. That's why OZ is banned at Pembury Prison. Their literary committee take OZ very seriously. The police in Piccadilly take OZ seriously too. That's why they confiscated the newsletter for selling OZ. (He doesn't sell it anymore.) And the man who sent the editor 24 cases of Coal Tar soap takes OZ seriously. (We wish more people would send us soap - you don't have a bath with abusive letters.) Best thing to send us is 30/- Then you'll find out whether OZ is just a load of psychedelic rubbish or the most creative and circulating monthly magazine in the world.

HA! HA! H-A...

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Michael X and the Flower Children... The Poetry of Bob Dylan... Letter from a Greek Gail... The Code Cole King of Kathmandu... Mark Lane's famous exploit of the BBC... Peter Fonda's Metamorphosed... Toad of Whitchell... The Great Air Conspiracy... Mind Benders of Memphis... How to take acid...

For Angela Quattrone in De Gaulle, Italy and Russia... David Widgery on Quakers, the quality Sunday's, hippies... Anthony Haden-Guest on Groucho Marx Dargatzis on Marshall McLuhan, suicide and sex...

Edward de Bono on lateral thinking... Elizabeth Smart on picking her nose.

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They and others will also discuss how a small farm can become where they grow their own food, and also building their own "dirt" house.

[illegible]

As a result, the great diversity and complexity of the landscape of local government, and that of its own health systems and network of production organizations as well as secondary sectors.

At present, most of the local, holiday and major
of production are in the hands of the state
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IF I COULD TURN
YOU ON IF I
COULD DRIVE
YOU OUT OF
YOUR
WRETCHED MIND
IF I COULD
TELL YOU I
KNOW

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said: Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw that the light was good:

Genesis 1:1-4

I believe that there have been civilizations in the past that were destroyed by natural atomic weapons, resulting in their total destruction.

Frederick Schodde

Observing that the human young is without the period of care and protection. An immortal creature must not have always been as he is now, he could not have grown. Therefore he must have been different: that is, he must have evolved from an animal which can feed for itself more quickly. Life, Darwin explained the theory of evolution in terms of nature, not supernatural animal or spirit.

The World Weekly, 1968

It may be that other forms of life, as well as other "stinking" beings, exist there, appearing and disappearing. They may even have left visible traces, but their memory is preserved in light.

Ten thousand years ago an intelligent civilization controlled the world. It set up in the heavens. Such a race of deities. Now what do we find in Etruscan folk-tales? Tales of a race being transported to the Etruscan North at the beginning of time by giant marauding birds. Now Etruscan deities and legends always existed in these "instable birds". And what do we know?

Lower Penetration, 1960



IV Virginia, 1960, in song to take notice of baseball game, against this skyjet took short trip of Jim before 1960 ended.

No matter how cheerful and happy I may be, I am disappointed in my life when I go to the American Museum of Natural History, which is the place where the museum is. I am disappointed in my life when I go to the American Museum of Natural History, which is the place where the museum is. I am disappointed in my life when I go to the American Museum of Natural History, which is the place where the museum is.

I think we are growing. I should see us before something else.

and upon a time this earth was in man's hand, that other worlds existed and existed here and taught among themselves as for possible. But they now are owned by something.

I suspect that after all, we are useful - that among countless claimants adjustment has occurred, or that something new has a legal right to us, by force, or by having paid out millions of pounds for us in former times of us - and that all this has been known, perhaps for ages, to certain ones upon this Earth, a cult, or Order, members of which function like a few others in the rank of us, or a superior class or members, dwelling in accordance with instructions received from somewhere else - in our mysterious wisdom.

In the past, before propriety was established, in the form of a herd of other worlds have dropped here, beyond light, without self, without matter - without here, for all I know - been pushed here - been pushed: have come singly, have come in enormous numbers, have visited someone, have said delicately, for handling, trading, selling, representing business - have exhibited animals here, for advanced growth, of things, and primitive people or whatever they were: white ones, black ones, yellow ones. We are not alone: the Earth is not alone.

Charles Fort

The human race has never been more than a few years old, and it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old.

Charles Fort, 1900

It seems possible that the inhabitants of the household of a new Age are not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old.

Michael Todor, 1950

How can then be possible upon the ground, to make the human beings in the world, and living with us in the world, for his position in the higher state of being?

This would be impossible without mention of religious messages purporting to be coming from the heavens of other planets, many of them believed to be true, which will act in cooperation that we may, by some fortunate accident, find to the same order, something, which contains largely of nature. These messages are being received in different parts of the world and are generally accompanied by phenomena which affect that our activities have long been observed by these friendly and highly evolved visitors from elsewhere, who are ready to welcome us into their interplanetary brotherhood the moment we show signs of keeping a little more civilized. In fact, this purpose in coming is to help that brother man on planet earth in the new age dawn. The provincial governments of the world know about these things, but are as present as when captured. Clearly nothing is more likely to result in a dramatic form formation almost overnight at the world-wide ordering of affairs as earth than the enforced admission by governments that government as we know it, including the whole system of our human and animal systems, is outdated. Many things are being done from the position of the world government, but it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old. It is not yet a century old, and it is not yet a century old.

Lower Penetration, 1960, in song to take notice of baseball game, against this skyjet took short trip of Jim before 1960 ended.

It would clearly be best to study approaches to human unity and the creation of a planetary society in a narrow perspective divorced from the local streams of our evolutionary development and from significant universal cosmic facts which are widely resounding their voice upon our consciousness at this time. Although there may be need to give careful consideration to whatever testifications, dreams, visions and laws we may envisage for our world society, it is equally indispensable and even more important to direct our energies to the spirit of our world community in its individual and collective expression and in particular to the ways and means of effecting the release of those infinite divine resources which, like the power locked up in the atom, lie virtually asleep at the core of our individual being. It is an awakening of these latent powers which alone can give glory and meaning to life on earth. Without such an awakening of our "peace" and "unity" wrought about by universal arrangements of a formal character will be without substance and will certainly not meet the deepest aspirations of the heart and soul of man.

Anthony Brooks, 1967

He who seeks to acquire knowledge must first know how to doubt. For intellectual doubt helps to establish the truth.

Aristotle, 360 BC

It was a small creature, with a normal human face, from 1 meter to 1.20 meters tall, he was wearing a transparent suit that covered him completely. he reminded me of a child wrapped in a cellphane bag.



*Sun turning round - grateful smile.
We're settling off with soft explosion.
Bound for a star fiery ocean.
It's so very lonely.
You're a 100 light years from home
Pressing red desert turned to dark
Gleams here in every part.*

Mick Jagger, 1967

I saw a great star most splendid and beautiful, and with it an exceeding multitude of falling sparks which with the star followed southward. And they examined Him upon His throne almost as something hostile, and fending from Him they sought rather His ruin. And suddenly they were all annihilated, being turned into black ash... and cast into the abysses that I could see them no more.

Hildegard of Bingen, 1096

The Daily Express published an interesting account from their representative in Moscow, Mr. Roy Blackman, who wrote to say that Russia is to open the world's first UFO detection agency. He went on to tell how it was revealed over the weekend that a Soviet scientific commission will in future investigate all corroborated sightings of UFOs over the Soviet Union. The commission, he said, is headed by Air Force General Anatoli Stolyarov. The establishment of the agency, added Mr. Blackman, represents a milestone by Soviet scientists on flying saucers, which have always previously been ridiculed, and he concluded his piece with a reference to the Zigat article, and the new approach revealed therein.

One of our friends, recently in Moscow, had given us prior notice, in a letter dated October 25, that a permanent commission had been established on October 18. We also understand, from other sources, that General Stolyarov's No. 2 is the distinguished Dr. Zigat, and that among others the committee includes an unnamed Russian cosmologist and 18 scientists and astronomers. There will also be 200 qualified observers throughout the country, and the Commission will be particularly interested in pertinent reports from the Caucasus, the Ural and Central Asia.

One of the things it seems to me that most of us most eagerly accept and take for granted is the question of beliefs. I am not attacking beliefs. What we are trying to do is to find out why we accept beliefs, and if we can understand the motives, the rationale of acceptance, then perhaps we may be able not only to understand why we do it, but also be free of it. One can see how political and religious beliefs, national and various other types of beliefs, do separate people, do create conflict, confusion, and enmities which is an obvious fact, and yet we are unwilling to give them up. There is the Hindu belief, the Christian belief, the Buddhist, many other sects and national beliefs, various political ideologies, all contending with each other, trying to convert each other. One can see obviously that belief is separating people, creating intolerance. Is it possible to live without belief? One can find that out only if one can study oneself in relationship to a belief. Is it possible to live in this world without a belief - not change beliefs, not substitute one belief for another, but be entirely free from all beliefs, so that one views life anew each minute? This after all, is the truth, to have the objectivity of meeting everything anew, from moment to moment without the conditioning reaction of the past, so that there is not the cumulative effect which acts as a barrier between oneself and that which is.

J. Krishnamurti, 1954



The question . . . is just whether there is intelligent life in space but, is there life? I just got life down here on earth?

Max Lerner, 1967

It seems amazing that man was as philosophically advanced in such ancient times. The mere fact that any culture in those days could debate the correct application for the sentence of the Micky Wap is astonishing! There seems to be more mystery about early man than any anthropologist has guessed.

Joseph F Goodwings, 1967



On November 9, 1902, 80,000 square miles of America were plunged into darkness by the failure of the Northeast Power Grid. The magnitude of such a failure, its consequences and its forbidding potential demanded and received instant investigation and general world-wide punishment and requests for explanations.

Quick answers were given and hastily retracted.

One early explanation was that a fire broke near Niagara Falls was the cause. This proved not to be the case. The blame switched to wires lost near Clay, N.Y. They were not at fault. Investigators turned their attention to trouble in the Montauk area near Sayona. Everything shipwrecked. Ultimately the cause was told to have been a malfunctioning tripper at the Six Adam Beck No. 2 plant, in Canada. But authorities admit today that the real cause of the disaster's blackout remains a mystery.

The utility companies, the Air Force and the press made little mention of the reported UFO sighting that afternoon of November 9. Two commercial airline pilots spotted two disc shaped objects flying over Pennsylvania. In pursuit were two jets. At 4:30 p.m. a tremendous burst of speed carried the UFO out of sight. At 6:30 p.m. a brilliantly glowing light was seen coming down over Syracuse, NY. At that time some 36,000,000 people were plugged into the Great North Eastern Blackout. Two huge fireballs were reported by two sets of observers witnessed at this same time, one near the airport at Syracuse, the other above the power lines leading to the generating plant at Niagara Falls.

Joseph P. Condemno, 1967



On November 4, your friend Alvin Portel was fishing in the Portel River near Portel. The area was deserted, the light quiet with only a slight breeze blowing from the east. Suddenly Alvin spotted a mirror craft in the sky, apparently heading towards him. He watched, open-mouthed, as it slowed to a parking routine and landed. For a few years he could have laughed it off, he said. The object appeared as two wash-bowls placed together, looked to be about five to fifteen feet in diameter. He was too frightened to ask. These little ones, said is white clothing with clear-fitting suit-cases, emerged from a hole near the opening in the side of the small craft. Their skin appeared to be quite dark. Alvin placed some of them, watching the small creatures collect samples of grass, herbs and leaves of trees. One of them held a shiny metal tube with oval water. Then, as suddenly as they had come, they jumped back into their machine, which took off as quickly as it had come. Alvin said that he had seen a number of Portel, which said Alvin story when he came back to town, he told the people he was a quiet man who had only led his wife and his family. He had never heard of flying saucers, and he was sure the little ones were some kind of aliens.

David E. Lawrence, 1967



We are no longer living in an age where progress is measured exclusively in terms of technical and scientific advances. Another factor has to be considered, the same that was envisaged by the Unknown City in older days who showed that Lihai Mundt was concerned with "Something else".

Lois Paumotu/Jack Berger, 1960

A man standing across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him.

Coming to a precipice he swung himself down over the edge. This tiger snuffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other.

How sweet it tasted!

A Zen story

No man can reveal to you aught but that which already lies half asleep in the dawning of your knowledge.

The teacher understands the shape of the people, among his followers, gives sight of his wisdom, but rather of the path and his enlightenment.

If he is indeed wise he does not tell you the wisdom of his wisdom, but rather leads you to the threshold of your own mind.

The wisest man may speak to you of his understanding of space, but he cannot give you his understanding.

His music may sing to you of the music which is in all space, but he cannot give you the music which awakens the rhythm, nor the voice that awakes it.

And he who is versed in the science of numbers can tell of the rhythm of weight and measure, but he cannot conduct you to the rhythm.

Kahlil Gibran 1926

More ancient wisdom has been lost than have been preserved and perhaps our new discovery of it is less rich than those that we have lost.

Continued





Anything that was in capable of inspiring other men will be capable of making a reality.

John Wayne

"So (1987) *Wells* played on . . . to try to envisage a new ideology, based upon the great knowledge synthesis instead of on a religion. It had to begin with a world government, of course . . .

Colin Wilson, 1997

I am a firm believer in the existence of 'Angloids' or 'Higher Beings' whatever those beings may represent. But to me to put to govt out that there were to be something else in the universe was surely no greater disclosure than to do to the Earth being 'of our kind' and to our descendents yes, if there are to be any. Then being told by the various and intensely dangerous cults 'revelation' of the 1970s and the credible who causing 'to blast it all'. They are all taking ideas, and that of a 'Revelation and Last' where, we may still 'guess' this century's ending?

Are the teachings and mental manipulation already occurring. Has the great 'Tallan' already begun? If so, by whom?

Gordon George, 1997

Life can also be created. That particular problem was solved in long ago in 1936 by an English scientist named Andrew Cross . . . It happened that Cross was experimenting on the artificial formation of crystals by means of seeds and prolonged electric currents, and found to his surprise that living creatures appeared in his chemical solutions. The scientist in question was in search of the type known as 'scint' (scint), and they lived, moved, ate and lived. They first appeared when Cross was trying to make crystals of glass by allowing fluids to pass through carbon wires kept electrified by means of a battery. The fluid used was a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silicate of potash.

Colin A. Allingham, 1994



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Right: Illustrated by Martin Sharp and Ann Southfield. It is to be a continuing development, and some work, notes, contributions, thoughts, written and about, within this theme are welcomed. Payment made for all pieces printed.

102 Dupert, 260 Palace Gardens Terrace, London W10

'A healthy mind in a...'



The last 20 years have seen a violent assault on the status of the public school. The response of many such schools has been to seek a new and progressive image to try and justify themselves in the eyes of the 20th century. St Paul's is no large extent typical of these. It's abolition of the Army Cadet Corps, its plans for ultra-modern new buildings, even the calculated flirtation of it's headmaster with the Liberal Party, all serve to silence it's critics and to beguile another generation of 'progressive' parents into paying what £350 a year for the education of it's offspring. One has to experience St Paul's to realise that it's values and many of it's teaching methods are the residue of the 19th century.

Competition that began for me at the age of 7 and for years made life a continuous and pointless struggle as, with half a dozen other classmate scholars, I fought and grabbed for marks and for the little silver emblems that were the symbols of academic success. It was a competition that left little room for anything like the enforcing a kind of monastic discipline upon its participants. A competition whose objects stretched endlessly into the distance, altering as the years went by from O to A level, to University scholarships and, ultimately, to a successful career with financial security.

I became aware of the competition inherent in St Paul's only as I reacted against the competition. It is a school with few written rules but dominated by established conservative values. *'Mens sana in corpore sano'* is the motto and to achieve 'this traditional public school devoted to sport is fostered. Competitive sport is compulsory for all. Excellence at this sport is a source of pride about the sole criterion for a prefectship, while to express a dislike of sport is to incur the wrath of a large section of the staff who are apparently capable of appreciating little else.

Prayers too are compulsory, objections on the grounds of atheists are not so much disapproved of, as totally disregarded. I have seen a senior boy who would not sag in prayer dragged violently by the scruff of the neck through assembly by a senior master, who told him outside that 'you do not deserve to be in this school, if you do not believe in God!'

Jelun Maryon (17)

There are few, however, who openly reject Christianity - ten years of compulsory religious instruction has its effect. I find it strange to reflect that I could say the Lord's Prayer in both Latin and English before I even knew what it meant.

The attitude is certainly dictated by the claim that St Paul's is a Christian foundation. This is certainly true and there is even a statute limiting the number of Jews permitted in the school. The fact, however, that the authorities are prepared to employ madmen attendance checks, and even physical violence, to enforce their beliefs must belie their outwardly progressive attitude.

The true public school philosophy, however, was brought some to me in my experience as a boarder. For the first time in my life there was no escape from discipline and systematic regimentation. Every waking moment was controlled by bells - bells for getting up, bells for breakfast, bells for going to school and bells for coming back, bells for prayers and bells for lights-out at 9.30 p.m. Freedom of action rarely exists for boarders at St Paul's. The summary of their whole existence is contained in notice-boards and in the nefarious regulations that surround them - you must queue for rooms in order of seniority, you must not leave your slippers under the bed, you must have a line-out every two weeks. Above all I found that communication with most of my contemporaries was almost impossible. Years of regimentation by masters - one of whom held, on his own admission, a peasant view of morality - and bullying by stupid and immature prefects had produced a kind of unquestioning apathy; a weak acceptance of their lot, yet an internal tension that erupted into unconscious cruelty and violence, as when, on one occasion, I was struck savagely from behind by a prefect for not making my bed properly - I broke a tooth, he subsequently became head of House.

The philosophy of a school such as St Paul's is indeed frightening, even more so, as Edmund Leach has noted, is the fact that much of the attitude I have described is held by the entire educational system of this country, and not

[illegible]

Put up a warning: Don't follow our five steps in this discipline or you may never grow up. It's fundamental algebra.

[illegible]

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DEVALUATION TRILOGY!

George Brechtner

George Brechtner was a revolutionary German dramatist born in 1813. At the age of 17, he was forced to abandon his medical studies after publishing an address to the German government. He lived and taught Natural Science in Austria on the ruins of his play 'Dante's Death'. There he wrote 'Dante's Death' and 'Woyzeck'. He died aged 23 of Typhoid.

The Mayor coughs, the baby cries, the winter dies. The Poor follow the rabbit carts of prosperity and the Rich follow the Foxes to fill their desirous. For our land is split into two classes, those who own the land and the factories and the machinery and those who must daily sell their sweat as salt for the table of Capital. To serve at the Banquet are the Four Elements. The Police and the blue lincoats who ride in the middle of the road and use torches for their wives. The morgues and urns of official apologetic professors and apologists frowning across the promise and the shame of each other's backs. The Universities and the teachers with rivers like holes who sugar force the classroom DEATH DEATH DEATH. The yellow train owned by the people's factories who bring from each others' cars. To defend their charred house of freedom, the oligarchies want squad out the peasant and the negro who dare rise against their power. The press smashes practice murder on plastic Andes erected in Fort Worth and the Pentagon telephones Death around the world. In the whiskey-bar, the cell and the barrack, the Congo Algeria and Vietnam, the Beast operates his electric torture machine. Professors in linen suits travel the Hiltons of the world talking of visible infrastructure. Radical cry.

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APOLOGY

The wonderful thing about London's more exclusive shops, as everyone knows, is their unimpeachably personal service. Each customer is treated as an individual, evaluated, analyzed, and if necessary, reformed. Twelve years ago I was so much as to present myself to a Dover Street tailor with a letter of introduction. It altered my whole way of life.

And now, catastrophically, I've been cut down in my prime by a pair of suede shoes. It all started innocently enough. They caught my eye while I was strolling through Harrod's just before Christmas (which is in itself a considerable achievement). They were tasteful, elegant, unique, unobtrusive — in short, all that a pair of shoes should be for a modest but impeccable chap such as myself. Ignoring the six guinea tag, I bought them forthwith.

Three months later they succeeded in their first heavy rain. The uppers stiffened and broke out in a white, scabrous rash. Fearing the worse, I hurried back to Harrod's Department of Polish and Shoe Repair for a diagnosis.

The attendant, a Harley Street specialist in grey coat and striped trousers, was graciously solicitous. "I'm afraid this is very serious, sir," he murmured. "You see how the leather has hardened and the pores have

closed. And that white deposit — I don't know if we can get that out. I'll send them off to our factory, but I can't be optimistic. If only you'd caught them while they were mild yet..." His voice trailed off into reproving silence.

I explained that I'd never had this sort of trouble with suede shoes before. Even cheap suede shoes. Entirely outside my experience. Caught me by surprise. Unexpected emergency.

He shook his head. "All sorts of factors could be involved in a condition of this sort." He lowered his voice discreetly. "Your feet, sir. Do they tend to be somewhat — ah — moist? I thought so. The rain could combine with the — ah — moisture and bring it to the surface."

He paused for a moment, then leaned forward and spoke even more confidentially. "All sorts of factors, sir. For instance, you've probably never thought about it, sir, but very damaging things can happen to your shoes when you use a public toilet." I started to assure him that I always made a special point of not pulling on my feet, but he was well ahead of me. "Now I'm not suggesting that there's anything — ah — unhealthy about you, sir. But all kinds of people use these places. And water will splash, sir. And urine is so very — ah —

absorbent."

Before continuing, he allowed me a few seconds to contemplate my urine-soaked extremities. "You may not believe this, sir, but when I worked at Lefkowitz's, a gentleman returned a pair of bowling shoes. The uppers were in shocking condition — all checked and truly they were, quite beyond repair. We sent them off to an independent factory for analysis. Sort of a second opinion from a specialist, you might say. We left it to them to determine who was to blame."

"Well, a few days later they sent me their report. You'll never guess what they found, sir. Had diabetes, he did. Very advanced case. Never even suspected it. I had to call in his wife and break the news to her so she could see to it that he went to a doctor right away. Caught it just in time, they did. You never know, sir. You never know..."

I left in a state of considerable agitation and came straight home to rest. Tomorrow I have an appointment with my doctor for a urinalysis. And if I'm found dead in bed, I've left a note for the coroner to examine my shoes.

John Whiting



LIBERATION news SERVICE

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) In keeping with the fact that the Vietnam war is supported by and for America's big business, here is a way to take advantage of modern technology and to engage in simple but effective economic protest.

Anytime you find a bill, new reply card or envelope, DON'T THROW IT AWAY.

If the postage is paid by the addressee, fill it out with either the words STOP THE WAR or with a business name and address (i.e. D. Rush, 81 Main St., New York, N.Y.) Either way, it costs that company money, and sooner or later they'll know why.

Everytime you stick a card in a mail box - and it must be posted once you deposit it - it costs that corporation 4¢, 5¢ and more, and it costs the Post Office, too. (Postal rates are already going up as a result of the war, and if this protest forces them up again, it may cause greater anti-war sentiment here.)

Order mailies, encyclopedias, subscriptions to TIME, LIFE, Better Homes, just record cards.

Even if they find out that the address doesn't exist, it will take them hours of time and paper work, costly needless effort, and valuable time in research.

Or, if you have just written STOP THE WAR, big and clear on the reply cards, even that cost plants when you multiply the number of cards we can send in a week (with only the slightest bit of expense on our part), by the number of people who are slightly, very, or radically opposed to this war, by the number of companies that every day release hundreds of thousands of these otherwise useless communications.

We are asking all newspapers, magazines and radio stations to print, reprint or read this message to the nation. Let OUR reply to business be STOP THE WAR.



WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) Back in 1960, when Kennedy was assembling his Cabinet officers, McNamara was reportedly offered the choice of being either Secretary of the Treasury or Secretary of Defense.

He (McNamara) quickly declined the Treasury on the ground that he had had no experience in banking or fiscal affairs. (Schlesinger,

A Thousand Days)

Will the World Bank offer its new president some obviously needed on-the-job training?

NEW YORK, N.Y. Dec. 15 (LNS) - Mrs. Eleanor Raskin, one of the few women currently involved in defending those arrested at Stop the Draft Week demonstrations here last week, adds this footnote:

"Last week one of the hopes - or demonstrations - came into court with shoulder length hair and an enormous, beautiful yellow balloon.

"The judge, nothing daunted, I'm sure by the threat of pure, absolutely caustic acid at the sight of the big yellow balloon, and flew into an incredible rage when the lad wanted to take it with him when he went to stand before the judge for bail, arraignment, etc.

"The judge finally surrendered and yelled at the lawyers to get the guy out of court. Power of ridicule, to say nothing of love!

U.S. GIVES 7.1 MILLION DOLLARS IN PICKLES TO SOUTH KOREAN MILITARY

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15 (LNS) - Beginning next month, South Koreans fighting in South Vietnam will be supplied with terry shorts to boost their morale - highly spiced "kimchi" pickles courtesy of you generous (1) Uncle Sam. "We can live a whole year without meat," Koreans say, "but without kimchi, we can hardly live a week."

The U.S., ever mindful of the needs of others, especially when they're the only really efficient picketization units in South Vietnam, is doing its little life-or-death trick. Recognizing the necessity of burying Koreans' morale "to an even higher level," the U.S. agreed last month to finance a six-month supply of kimchi for its 47,000 freedom loving allies.



By 'U.S.' we mean that Vice-President Humphrey, during his visit to Seoul last July, told General's President Park that the U.S. taxpayers would be more than happy to underwrite the cost of the six-month supply of kimchi - at a bargain, too - a mere 7.1 million dollars.

Inert, beneath the moon, draped in dew,
An insect on the ceiling bathed in green.
What chance have crabs to taste the bloom of love
To fondle breasts of girls with sail above
A dog, deep sleep dissolved, I AM my AM,
Raised by surprise, I stride across the sand
Feeling the wind, I stagger from the beam,
SPLASH THROUGH IN
- warmed bilge of life

spreading a beam of light,
Flicker through my sight
Turn by wave
Flash
begin to burn

as the wheel of fortune
is rounded into form

need to stagger clouds and
my butter heart is spread upon the breeze

